

# Public Enemy Lyrics

## "Revolution"

*[Society's verse]*

We was raised in these streets on pork and poison meat  
Now i recognize the beast and bare the mark of the gold teeth  
Puff on the rolled leaf and bust on the police  
While yall playas are fakin bacon we cook the whole beef.  
I put it down plain, i stimulate the left and right brain  
Cell by cell and frame by frame.  
Names, dates, are all inmaterial. i big dick sick ryhme killer like cereal. i  
Burn like venerial, and spit that imperial wizardry that climbs right through  
The curcitra.  
Choake your team for their cream but that's as far as we go  
Drop shit like seaguls and smash your little ego.  
I get visions like stevie and coleco,  
Give me 2000 live people  
One late show no seaquel.  
Aint no equal in the flesh  
I been through more evil than men do.  
Nasty off the head and with the pen too!

*[Chuck's verse]*

Now im pissed  
Easy to rhyme on tracks like this  
The more things change  
The more they remain the same  
These games them vidiots  
Playin on the brink of insane  
Must be a hockey rink  
Lost in their drink  
In pursuit of plain jane  
I think man they think a revolution be pretty in pink  
Now in these new tracks  
Some of these cats dont know how to act  
All them criminal acts aint got nuttin to do wit rap  
One hand cuffuffed behind them backs in black  
Quiet riot ,yall cant hear one hand clap  
Revolution is more than what you hear and what you see  
The mass reintroduction  
Of society to society  
Together we got 100 years of sobriety  
These clones  
Who be flippin like new phones be surprisin me  
Turned out  
They happy just to be in the house  
So im a call emout  
I aint no church mouse  
Luvout

*[Griff's verse]*

I master rap

Write a 16 and half of that

Then eat some mix greens after that

My raps niggerish black like licorice

While wack rappers get rich off some jibberish

The hoods begging for deliverance"g"

I'm just a hood figure to deliverance this

L y should get into the "sy"

I'm thinkng me and pe should have passed it on

Society's the menace

He get's more love than tennis

On the road to riches

Cause revolutions expensive

Finance whips. finance clips spend our chips

In the ghetto raising rebelz with some fine azz tits.

No champagne no campaign no ice on my wrist

While bred'z dipp'n on fedz sipp'n on crys

Out of my mind ethiopian wine on my lips

Still aint signed the master mind

The masters mine. hey!!!!

Back in your dome where the rebelz rome

The greatest weapon in the hands of the oppressor is the mind of the oppressed

Public enemy the 7th octave we out